

Burma

Population | 54.5 million

Capital | Rangoon

Laos

Population | 6.5 million

Capital | Vientiane

Bhutan

Population | 716,896

Capital | Thimphu

Tibet Autonomous Region*

Population | 3 million

Capital | Lhasa

*China invaded Tibet in 1950 and has occupied it since.

Kids, their stories and dreams

Hser Ku: I don't remember Burma, because my parents took me to a refugee camp when I was 4 months old. But I remember the life in the refugee camp. We had a little, secure place to live—it was better than Burma, because there was a war in Burma. It was hard for some families to escape from Burma because you have a military surrounding the border—the Burmese military. Also, you have Thai soldiers surrounding the camp. Also, you cannot go out of the camp, because you are only a temporary people—it's not a permanent place. Even if you live there, you don't have the right as a citizen—as people.

It was so beautiful, but it wasn't a permanent place.

What do you miss most about the camp?

Hser Nay Htoo Day: My mango tree. My mangos looked like apples. They were so sweet! One time, my mom had to hide my big mango so no one would take it. I also miss my friends from the camp—our friendships. Some of our friends came to the U.S., but some go to Australia and some stay in the camps.

Tay Nay Sar: I miss the mountains and the trees. I used to go up the mountains. One of

Sisters Tay Nay Sar and Hser Ku attend Carrboro High School. Their siblings, Hser Nay Htoo Day, July Twenty-two and Sunday Oo, are in elementary school. They are from the Mae La refugee camp on the border of Thailand and Burma. The stories in this section were told to Hillary Rubesin of the Art Therapy Institute.

my uncles had a garden on the hill. I would go up and pick a lot of fruit—it was really good. I was picking up cucumber and pumpkin. But I had to yell out “Help me!” because I couldn't carry it. I was too little, and the stuff was too big. I also miss the cave. I used to go there every day in the summer. It was cold and dark, and it was good because we didn't have electricity—no A.C.

Hser Ku: I miss my house the most. You cover the roof with leaves. The side is bamboo. The legs were wood. In two years, we had to rebuild it. When the wind blow, it went crooked. But our house was strong. Our neighbor's house fell over! People helped us build it. Our cousins, our uncles, our grandparents. People in our neighborhood. It was so good. Everyone helped. We had dinner with our neighbors once a year. It was part of our culture, our tradition.

All: We had a garden in the backyard. We had guava, mango, tamarind, banana trees, sugarcane, sweet potato. We had a river by the backyard and bamboo. And ginger. You eat the root, the leaf and the flower. The five

of us had our own trees. We had five mango trees, five of everything. We had flowers. My mom loves flowers. She plants lots there.

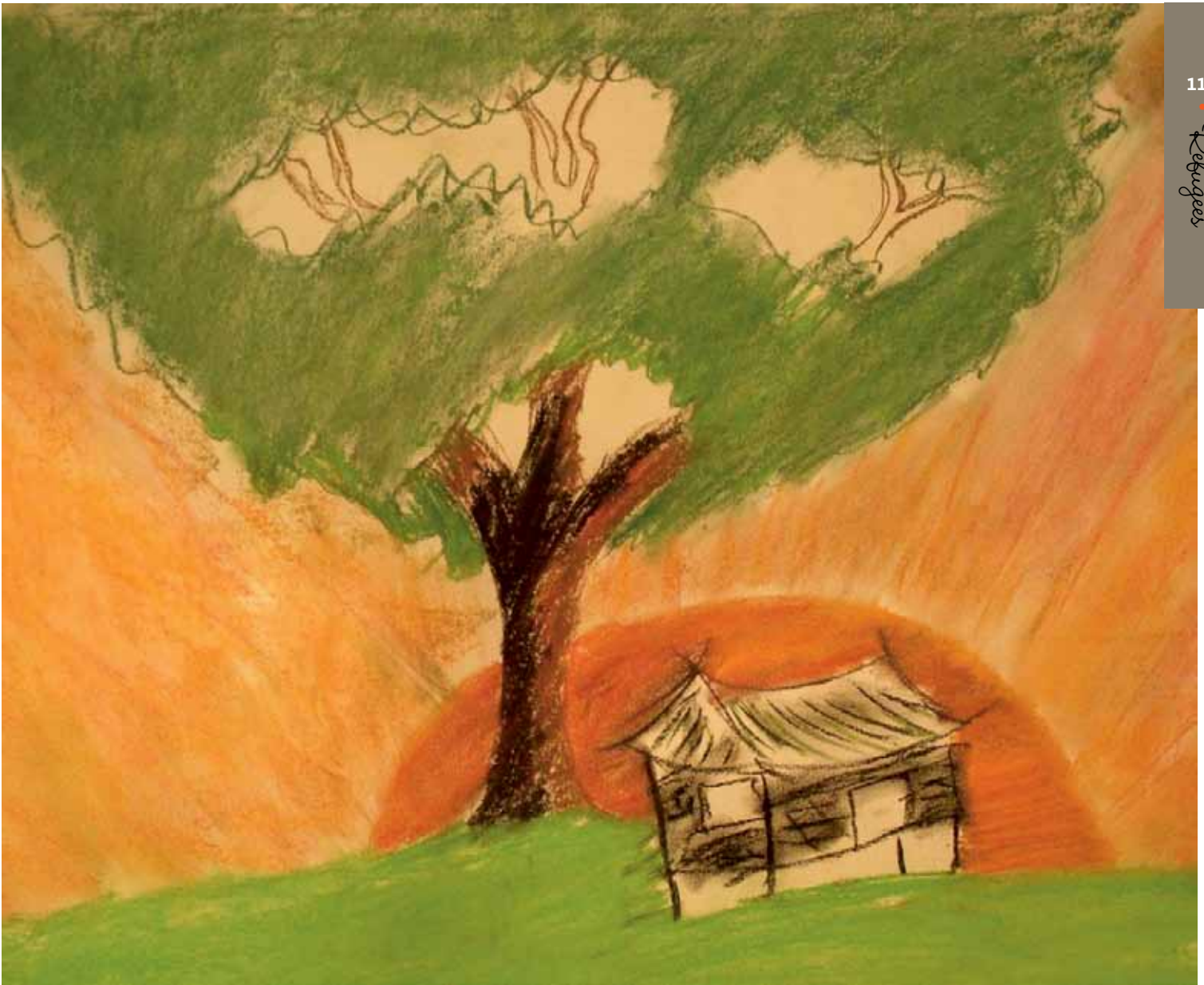
The United Nations gave us food for one month. A little oil, rice, yellow beans and chili pepper, and some fish paste. We did not have enough food for everyone. There were so many refugee people. There was a limit of food you could get. It matters how old you are. If you are 7 you get more food. But it was much better than being in Burma.

What else would you like people to know about the refugee camp?

Hser Ku: The education is not really good. School was not really good. It was built by trees and leaves and wood, and no electricity. It was hard for us to study. We had to use candles to study, and in most of the places, the Burmese soldiers might come and you had to run away. In Thailand, we just have high school, not college. You need to have a lot of money to go to Bangkok for school.

In the camp, we had different groups of people. The first group said, no matter what they will come to this country—the U.S.—to have a better life. The second type of people—they want to stay in the camp. And the third group—they want to go back to Burma to be in the place where they were born. They were born there—they want to die there. It was hard for us to make a decision. Some of the old people especially want to stay where they were born.

Tay Nay Sar: We are in America because of the U.N. plan to let us come here. They let



us go to a lot of countries, like Canada, Norway, Australia and England. Before we came here, we had to do an application form, interviews and checkups. Other people needed to have interpreters. At that time, I was in third grade, and I knew a little bit of English, and I looked at the U.N. people who needed interpreters, and I knew I wanted to be an interpreter, so I could talk to people in all languages. It would be easier if you knew all languages while you interviewed people.

All: We have family in Burma. They cannot come to the refugee camp, because there is a limit of people entering the camp—just like the U.S. has a limit on people to get

here. We still have one aunt in Thailand, with two boys, our cousins. Sometimes we talk to them on the phone. But it's hard for them to get electricity. They have to go high up to get a signal.

Living in the camp, you may not reach all of your goals and your dreams. You may not be able to go to college. Some of the kids were orphans. They don't have parents. They have to work. They cannot go to school. And if you want to work outside of the camp, you have to sneak out and risk your life. If the military caught you, they would send you back to Burma or kill you.

What are your hopes and dreams?

Sunday Oo: I want to be a soccer player.

Hser Nay Htoo Day: I want to be a mechanic and build cars and jets.

July Twenty-two: I really want to be a teacher, but there's too much stuff to do. You have to teach math every day and read to the kids. It's like you're a parent or something.

Tay Nay Sar: Having a good education. I see my parents. They have to work hard. When they have a meeting at school, my parents cannot come. For people who have a good education and a good job, they can help their children do homework. For our



parents, the homework is not in our language, so they can't help us. It seems like if you don't understand English, people are not going to respect you.

Hser Ku: I want to be a nurse and take care of patients. It's a hard life for my parents. They have to take care of five kids. They don't know the language. They feel like they are helpless for us. If something at school comes, a letter for the parents, our parents have to read and understand. But it's hard for them, because they don't know how to read. But they're trying to be a citizen. They go to citizen school and take ESL classes at nighttime, because they work during the daytime. It's really challenging.

In the first year, they were confused. It was difficult for them. After four or five months, our dad got a job, and we had to pay our bills. The first month, we didn't know we had to pay a rent, so they put a post on our door and we had to pay a fee. We didn't know we had to pay. No one helped us when we got here. We had a translator, but the translator wasn't able to come every day, because there are so many people, and the

translator also have a job and have to work. The best thing was when a social worker show us where is the Food Lion and the Southpoint mall.

What other things have been hard for your family?

Hser Nay Htoo Day: It was hard to get used to America. In the airport, we didn't know how to use everything. Like the bathroom. I was stuck in the airplane bathroom!

Tay Nay Sar: It is not hard to make Karen friends here. But native Americans—we cannot communicate, so they think you don't understand. And it might make you embarrassed if they don't talk to you. Elementary school is easier. Middle school and high school—it is really hard to make friends. You worry about your identity. You feel more like an outsider—not mainstream.

I have a lot of friends from other countries who speak other languages. I like learning their traditions, so if I ever visit them, I would know how to get along with them. For some people, they don't like people from other countries, but I just think people

are the same as me. For me, I like everyone.

In the refugee camp, I started to become interested in the UNHCR [a United Nations refugee agency]. Even at that time, I had so much hope for what I was going to do in the future. Now I want to work for UNHCR and be a doctor and travel all over the world. I like to be a doctor, because in our country, they need our help, but not only our country—but people around the world—they need our help. Especially I would like to be doctor, because when I look at the poor people, it's so sad for them. Some of them didn't get enough help. For rich people, when they are old and going to die, there are doctors all around them. But if you are poor and a little kid and you have a sickness, they will not take care of them. So I want to help poor people.

Would you ever want to go back to Burma or Thailand?

Tay Nay Sar: If Burma gets freedom, they will send the people back. But I'm not gonna dream about Burma getting freedom. We have a civil war for 60 years

already, and we never get our freedom.

Hser Ku: I want to go back to visit. But it might not be fun. It is so crowded and there are gangs. In the camps, it is just a waste of time, because you do not have the rights to do what you want to do. Some of the kids want to be a doctor, nurse, teacher, and have a nice life, but they will not be able to reach it.

Tay Nay Sar: Here in the U.S., you can reach your dreams. You don't have to hide from the military. You have your own independence. You have your own life.



By Ta De

Ta De is from Burma, and attends Chapel Hill High School.

In the morning, the Burma soldiers came and burned our stuff and my mom and dad had to run. When you run, you have to move on. You cannot stop. You have to keep going forever. There is no time to eat or drink. My dad went back to Burma to go get my sister. That was the time when it was raining a lot. We were in the jungle.

My house was made of wood and bamboo. We didn't have TVs or laptops. We didn't use electricity—no Internet. If we used cell phones, we had to run up into the hills, out of the camp. If people caught you, then you would be killed.

I don't like school in the camp. I want to go hunt with my mom or go fishing. Sometimes we swim in the river and waterfalls. Sometimes me and my friend look for mushroom, but we couldn't find it. We drink water in the bamboo when we are thirsty.

When I came here, I was 9. I felt sad because you don't want to go to another country. When you are born there, you live there. When you go to the U.S., it's hard. If you want to go to your friend's house, you have to go in a car. You cannot walk. I didn't speak English. That is hard, too. When I first go to school, I didn't speak anything.

When I came here, my teacher, Ms. Casey, helped me out. I didn't know how to speak English, but she helped me say "I need to drink water" and other things. Also, there is no food here at all. The trees do not have food. In Thailand, you can go to a tree to



get food. Here, I don't know what happened. The trees are different in Thailand. In Thailand, they have big trees that we climbed.

I came here in second grade. Sometimes the students were nice; sometimes they were not nice. I guess it's better now. Sometimes when you speak, people do not understand well. It's hard to learn how to read. When I came at first, I did not know how to read well. But when I moved on to new grades, things were changing. It got better.

When I was in fifth grade, I got a mentor program. They help you get to camp, meet other students, talk about life, about college stuff, how to tie a tie.

When I started drawing, the paper was not plain white paper, it was just writing paper. I tried to learn drawing skills. Nobody teach

me. I just draw by myself. When I was in Thailand, I watched a movie in someone's house about fighting stuff, and I tried to draw the people kicking. It was a Tony Chung movie. We watched it a lot. Now I like to draw faces—sometimes real people, or sometimes people from movies, or cartoons.

One day, I want to go back to Thailand and help people. People live there and they don't have much money. It's hard to find a job. If you go to work, you have to be careful. If the police catch you, they take your money away. My brother is still in Thailand. He works on a fish boat. I don't know where he is.

When I am in the U.S., I want to do something with my artwork. Sell it, or do tattoos. If you make money, you can save it. You try to save more and more, and then go visit people in Thailand. I want to stay there. All of my family thinks about going back. My dad is going back to Thailand in December to see a medicine man. Sometimes the medicine here is different than Thailand. Sometimes they use medicine from trees in Thailand. They cover themselves with ants. The ants bite them and they got hot and the sickness goes away. Or they use smoke from the fire, hot air on their skin, and they change.

Sometimes someone doesn't like you because you are different. It hurts. You have to think about how they feel. If you like a person, and they don't like you, you feel sad. You have to give people a chance.

I think a lot about working now. I want to sell stuff at a store. I want to work and go to high school. I am scared and shy of going to high school. There will be lots of older kids. But I'm going to take art. I feel good and happy about that. I hope one day I will be a famous artist.

By Kahdohmoo Juelah

Kahdohmoo is from the Karen state in Burma. He attends Chapel Hill High School.

I don't remember when I lived in Burma. We had to move to Thailand to the Tham Hin refugee camp. It has different laws than in the United States. Wherever you go, you have to be careful. To get to another city out of the

camp, you had to walk two hours. If you see a motorcycle or a car came, you had to hide in a bush. They might take you to jail to make money.

I went to school in Thailand—just to fourth grade. School over there and here is not the same. For example, some teachers give you vocabulary words—like one page—and you have to remember all of them. In the morning, you have to read for them. If you can't read for them, they hit you with sticks. I always skipped school when I don't know how to do something.

When I skipped school, I would go watch movies, or have fun with friends, and go fishing, too, in the river close to our house, close to everywhere.

After 10 years, some U.N. people came to the camp and said we could go to the U.S. My mom tried to plan to get to the United States. We were called to come to the United States. I thought it was going to be great.

We never been to a big city. It feel different. In Bangkok, we see something different. I thought it would be the same thing in the U.S., but it's not. The second plane went to Japan. It felt cold. All the people on the airplane felt cold. We didn't know in the United States there would be cold. We thought it would be the same as the Tham Hin camp. Then the people who were on the airplane with us had to split up. One family went to one city. Other family went to other city. People felt sick because they don't see each other anymore.

When we came to the United States, we thought they wouldn't have rice. But then people bring us food and it was rice and meat. We thought there was no rice, and that we would only eat American food. When I saw the rice, I feel a little bit better. We made it to Virginia, and came into our apartment in the night. We couldn't sleep because the weather was not the same. We played all night—me and my sister. I was 13 or 14 or something.

In the morning, I told my mom to ask our sponsor where my aunt and uncle live. I went outside and it was cold. I saw some people play outside and I went and looked for their house, and I saw my aunt come out on the step so I called to her and she brought us rice and spicy food—

the same thing that we eat in Thailand.

Then I went to school in Charlottesville, Va. I went to seventh grade, but I was too small. I had to look up to the people—all of them. So I went down to the sixth grade. One of the other students in sixth grade was half Burmese, half Karen, so he had to translate for me. The first day he saw me, he spoke only in Burmese, but I told him I only speak Karen, so he spoke with me in Karen.

Whatever I had to do, he had to show me. He had to show me where to go. My teacher helped me a lot. She get permission for me to play on the soccer team, and I made it, and I get to play. The next day, I need to pee, but I didn't know how to say it, so I just held it all day. The next day, my teacher told me to go to the bathroom, so I go.

Then after one month or two months, we had a fire drill and I was in the bathroom. When I came out, I went back to my class, but it was locked. I didn't see my class, but one of the security people saw me and told me to go to the office. He guessed I had the ESL teacher, and they let me go back to the class. I didn't know what was going on.

When I moved to Chapel Hill, I went to Smith Middle School. When I came to North Carolina, I still did not speak a lot of English. I know how to say "Good morning," "Good afternoon," "school," "bathroom." Only 20 percent English, I think. Now I think about 50 percent. Not 100 percent yet. Later on, I will get there. In one or two years, I will get there. All 100 percent!

Sometimes when you got nothing to do, you stay home, you got no friends, you can draw. The first time I draw, I draw people—looking at faces on magazines. I'm bad with painting and color! In Virginia, they didn't teach me that much art. In Chapel Hill, they showed me color and how to draw eyes and nose and mouth. They said to start with a circle for the face, but that's not how I do it. I start with the eyes.

When I make art, I feel good. I feel happy when someone look at my picture and they like it, and I feel proud of myself.

I take ceramics class, too. I really like my teacher. This year I am taking Ceramics 4. The first year, I followed what she told me. Last year I did people's faces a lot—masks. I watched how to do it on YouTube, and I

watched my friend do it. I watched it over and over.

Next year, I have to do a lot of hard work. I can't skip school anymore. I want to, but I can't. I have to work hard this year to graduate. When I graduate, I want to be a Marine.

This morning, I went to give fingerprints for citizenship. My mom already has it. I'm 18, so I have to study for the test. When I took the driver's test, I had to go eight times to pass. I drive to Virginia and back two times, and then to South Carolina and back and Rockingham, too. I love to drive.

I hope people can be like me—not the skipping school, the other things—like being strong. In everything that you do, believe in yourself.

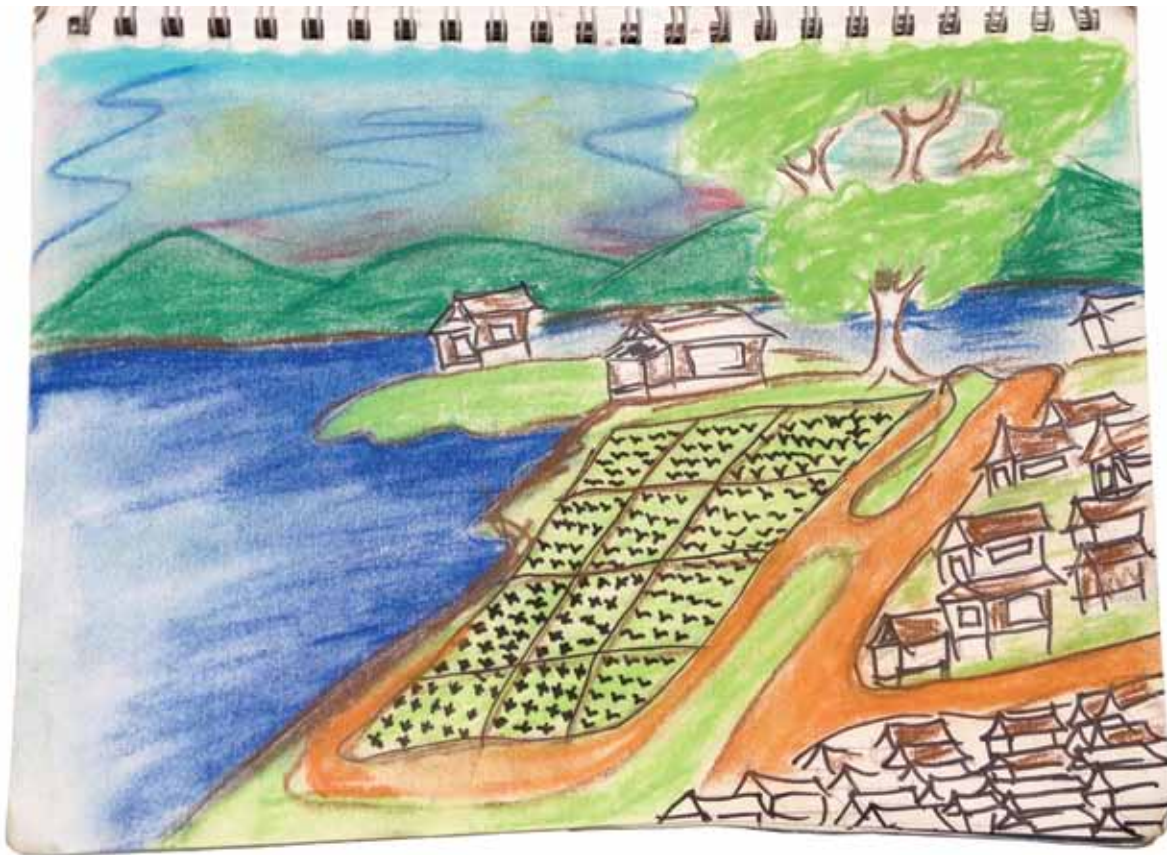
By Ser Ro Paw

Ser Ro is a student at Carrboro High School.

I was born in Burma, but when I was a little kid, I moved to Thailand. I don't remember anything about Burma. My parents told me that they had to run from Burma, because they couldn't live there. The soldiers tried to kick them out. So many people died. There were bombs and guns shooting. We came with our grandparents. We had to run all day and night, and we couldn't find food. We would make a fire with a rock, and we ate bamboo shoots and other vegetables we found on the mountain by the village. We made little tents with leaves and bamboo. We lived there for a while, and then we escaped and moved to Thailand. I remember a little bit about all of this.

My father had to work a lot, because I only had my older brother and my mom. My dad was a farmer. He planted rice and vegetables in a garden, so we had food. He did this in the jungle. We tried to come into Thailand, but sometimes it was raining too hard. We had to cross a big river to get there. My mom told me that I was crying all the time, and I was scared when the soldiers came. They told me to be quiet. We saw the soldiers, but we were far away and they didn't see us. We were lucky.

We got into Thailand around 1995. Refugee people were not allowed outside of the



camps. In the camp, only people who had education could work. People who didn't have education had to work outside. If the Thai soldiers saw you outside the camp, they would take you away to jail. My dad worked outside, but the soldiers never saw him. Women weren't strong enough to work outside the camp, so they stayed home and took care of the children. One time, my mom said to my dad that she wanted to work with him too, but she only went to work a few days and then she came back. My dad didn't want her to work, because she was a woman and not strong enough. If the soldiers came, she wouldn't be able to run away.

When I was a little kid, I wanted to be a nurse. I wanted to help other people. In Thailand and Burma, they don't have a lot of medicine to help you when you are sick. We didn't have many nurses, and it was hard to find medicine. So many people were sick. The flu was terrible, and you could die from it. One of my aunts had the flu, and she died from it. Before she got the flu, she was pregnant. Then she had her babies, and something bad happened. She got sick, and the doctors gave her a shot, but it wasn't right.

It was just an accident, but she died from it.

When I was 5 years old, my parents sent me to school. My mom drove me to school, but I escaped from school and followed her back home. When she asked me why I came back, I said, "I don't want to go to school" and I cried. The next day, I followed the school rules, and I liked school. I didn't skip anymore.

After school, I came home, and helped my parents. We had to clean and cook. Then when I finished everything, I would take a shower, eat dinner with my family, then start doing homework.

If we didn't have money, we couldn't go to school or get food. School cost money, from elementary to high school. Every year it cost 180 baht [about \$5]. My parents tried the best they could, and my brothers and sister and I always went to school. We didn't always have enough food. We only ate spices, chili, rice and vegetables. Sometimes we ate fish, if we had enough money.

Other countries helped to give us food and clothes and blankets, floor mats and mos-

quito nets. They would give us these things each month.

I was interested in going to Australia. I heard a lot of people talk about Australia, Norway, Sweden and other countries. But also they talked about U.S., but I wasn't interested in the U.S. I didn't know any people who had gone there yet and talked about it. Then my aunt, uncle and my parents all sat together and talked about plans to choose the right place, and I guess they chose the U.S. because my neighbors went there already. I was happy when I heard I was moving to the U.S., because I knew all of my family was going to come to the U.S., except one of my aunts who didn't want to leave Thailand.

Then when we were still in Thailand, we got interviewed by an American, with a translator, because we didn't know English. We had to get checkups and shots. We had to go step by step. If we passed those steps, then we could all go to the U.S. Then an American flight attendant and a translator taught children what to do on the airplane—how to ask for food and use the life-vest if something happened. I was so scared. We

UPSCALE CHILDREN'S CONSIGNMENT



- ♥ BRAND NAME MERCHANDISE
- ♥ LOCALLY CRAFTED GIFTS
- ♥ RESERVED CUSTOMER PARKING

1000 W MAIN ST
DURHAM • BRIGHTLEAF DISTRICT
919-237-3363
BIENAIME-DURHAM.COM

Ninth Street Dance

Dance is for Every Body!
Dance and movement classes
for people of all ages,
shapes and sizes.

Classes include: Ballet, Modern/Jazz,
Tap, Hip-Hop, Lyrical, AfroFusion,
Belly Dance, Samba, Swing, Salsa, Zumba,
Pilates, T'ai-Chi and more!

1920½ Perry Street
Durham

919.286.6011

www.ninthstreetdance.com

drove to Bangkok airport, and we had to wait for a while, and then we got to fly to Japan and the U.S. I thought the airport was an amazing place, because I had never been to an airport. We didn't use steps to get into the airplane. We just walked into the plane. I had no idea how I got there. I wasn't scared when it went into the air. It didn't feel like anything. But when the airplane went up and down, my heart went up and down.

First we went to Japan, and then we got to New York City. It was 2007. We slept at a hotel for one day. We took a shower—my first shower. Ev-

erything was amazing for me. Then someone brought us food—rice, vegetables and a big chicken. It kind of tasted good. Then we went to bed. We woke up so early, because the people knocked on our door, and then we were on a big bus to the airport. Then we flew to Raleigh airport. Then our sponsors picked us up. They were Thai and American. We talked a little English and Thai. They brought me Thai food.

When we came into our apartment, something smelled bad. The neighbors said that something smelled in the airport, and when you came into the house, it smelled like

Art Therapy Institute: Helping to heal

By Lisa Sorg

The boy had been born in a jungle near a river with soldiers lurking nearby. He was younger than 10 when, as a Karen refugee from Burma, he arrived in the

U.S. and enrolled in an Orange County elementary school. There he felt like an outsider. He didn't speak much English.

Then Hillary Rubesin, an expressive arts therapist with the Carrboro-based Art Therapy Institute, bought him a canvas. "His eyes lit up, and he said 'paint,'" Rubesin says.

The boy spent four months on this piece, and when he finished, it showed a man with a sword across his neck, a swath of red breaching an expanse of blue sky. "This was the first image that the client was able to really describe in detail. After a year of art therapy services, this client felt comfortable enough to verbalize some of the atrocities he had witnessed in his homeland. Painting this image, speaking about it, and then displaying it at the end-of-year art show really helped this client explain his past experiences to his peers and his teachers," Rubesin recalls.

Trauma, political strife, language barriers, adjustment to a new culture: These are only a few of the challenges refugees face when they arrive in the U.S. About 2,000 Burmese

and Karen refugees live in the Triangle. Many of them receive mental health services through the Burma Art Therapy Project, a part of the Art Therapy Institute in Carrboro (200 N. Greensboro St., Carr Mill Mall, Suite D-6, 919-381-6068 www.ncati.org).

ATI is the primary mental health care provider for Burmese and Karen refugees, both adults and children. The institute is funded through grants, including some from the Triangle Community Foundation. Kids are seen during the school day, and are referred by school social workers, guidance counselors, teachers and school nurses; adults by doctors and community health centers. The initial sessions are normally paid for through Medicaid, which most refugees are eligible to receive for six months.

Forty percent of refugees have psychological issues, says Ilene Sperling, ATI's clinical director, and "100 percent have seen atrocities."

"There is no word in Karen for 'depression,'" she adds. "They don't understand the word 'stressors.' And there is a strong stigma against mental illness."

Art therapy transcends language and provides a safe space for refugees to work through their life events.

that. So we didn't want to eat anything, because everything smelled bad. We only wanted to eat Karen food. After one week or two weeks, we wanted to eat everything—the American food—it all smelled good then!

Then we just got into school. Our sponsor helped us to get into school and get shots. When I got into school, I had no idea how to speak, but my other friends helped me. They all translated for me, because they had been here for three or four years or something like that. I can translate for other Karen people. They feel like I did when I first came. I feel good right now, because I know

how to read and write—but not 100 percent yet! Maybe 60 percent!

I'm thankful that I've been in the U.S. with my family. Everything is safe here, and we have a lot of food. We're still alive. Thank you for reading my story. I wish that you like it.

This story has been condensed for space; read the longer version at www.indyweek.com.

Drawings by children enrolled in the Art Therapy Institute. Courtesy of Kahdohmoo Juelah



“When language doesn't do it, there is another layer of sharing stories,” says Eva Miller, ATI's director of communications and development.

For adults, a community-based creative arts group helps women who are experiencing post-traumatic stress disorder. They may be feeling depressed, avoiding work and isolating themselves. At ATI, they can bond with other refugee women, which helps them build a sense of community.

Men, though, rarely seek mental health treatment. “There is still a cultural stigma among men,” Sperling says.

A man who was the family's breadwinner and the head of household in his native country is often unemployed or underemployed in the U.S. “The financial stressors are huge,” Sperling says. “At home, he may have been a physicist. Now he's a taxi driver.”

For kids, their teachers receive a checklist to monitor their behavior and academic performance throughout the year. With that feedback, therapists can measure progress not only in improvement in their grades but

also in how the kids are adapting to American culture, participating in class and making friends.

ATI begins with a nonverbal art assessment, called the Diagnostic Drawing series, a three-picture art interview where students use pastels on white paper. In most of the other art therapy sessions, kids are given a choice of materials to work with. Some may choose to fold origami; others could opt for paint. Those choices are clues to a student's interior world. “If we see a kid that is rigid, materials can loosen him or her up,” Sperling explains. “The art itself is treatment.”

Merely handing them pencils and paper allows the kids to express their feelings and experiences. “One group began drawing immediately,” says Kristin Linton, ATI's executive director. “Planes, refugee camps, their homes. It was really amazing.”

The boy who painted the image of the man with the knife at his neck is headed to high school next year. He continues to express himself—visually and verbally—throughout his art therapy sessions. His paintings now, three years later, are more detailed. He is able to take his time on the artwork, just as he is better at taking his time on his academics. His teachers have high hopes for him now.



**YEAR-ROUND
OUTDOOR
EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM**

**Afterschool, Minicamps,
summer camp, teacher workdays,
birthdays, toddler time,
field trips and MORE!**

**Come climb a mountain,
ride a horse, create pottery,
meet a goat, have fun
& get dirty in our organic garden!**



www.spencesfarm.com
6408 Mill House Rd, Chapel Hill, NC
919-968-8581
Email: spencesfarm@aol.com

ANTIQUES ARE GREEN

at HILLSBOROUGH
ANTIQUES MALL!

*Offering one of a kind antiques
that have stood the test of time.*

DID YOU KNOW?
a new chest of drawers has a
carbon footprint 16 TIMES GREATER
than an antique chest of drawers

“BRING THREE”!
FREE appraisal day every Monday
– recycle your antiques!



387 Ja-Max Drive • Hillsborough
919-732-8882 store • 919-923-1703 cell
www.hillsboroughantiquesmall.com
www.antiquesaregreen.org